



for the Devil



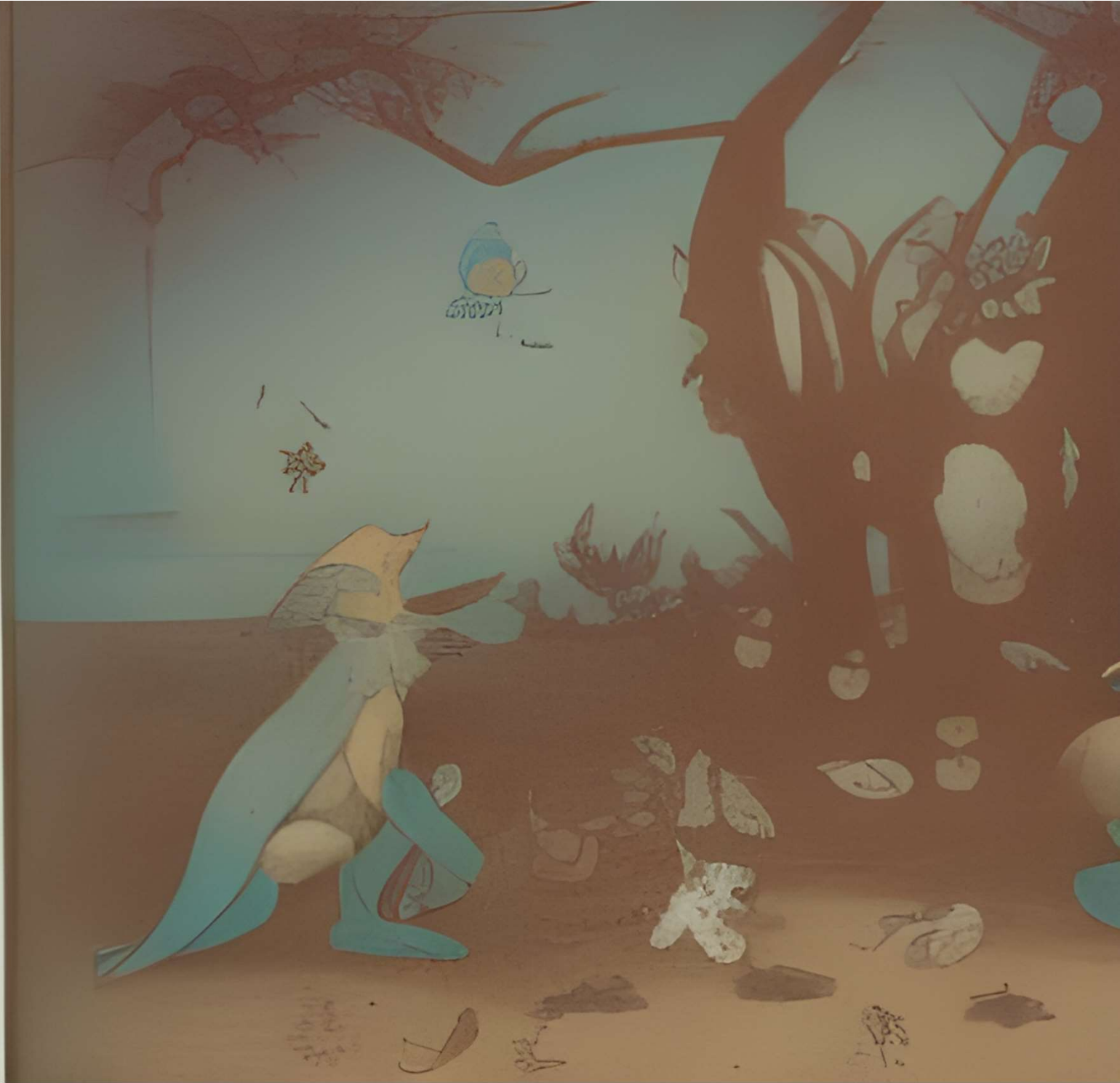
THE VERY HUNGRY DUCKLING

by Hieronymus Bosch

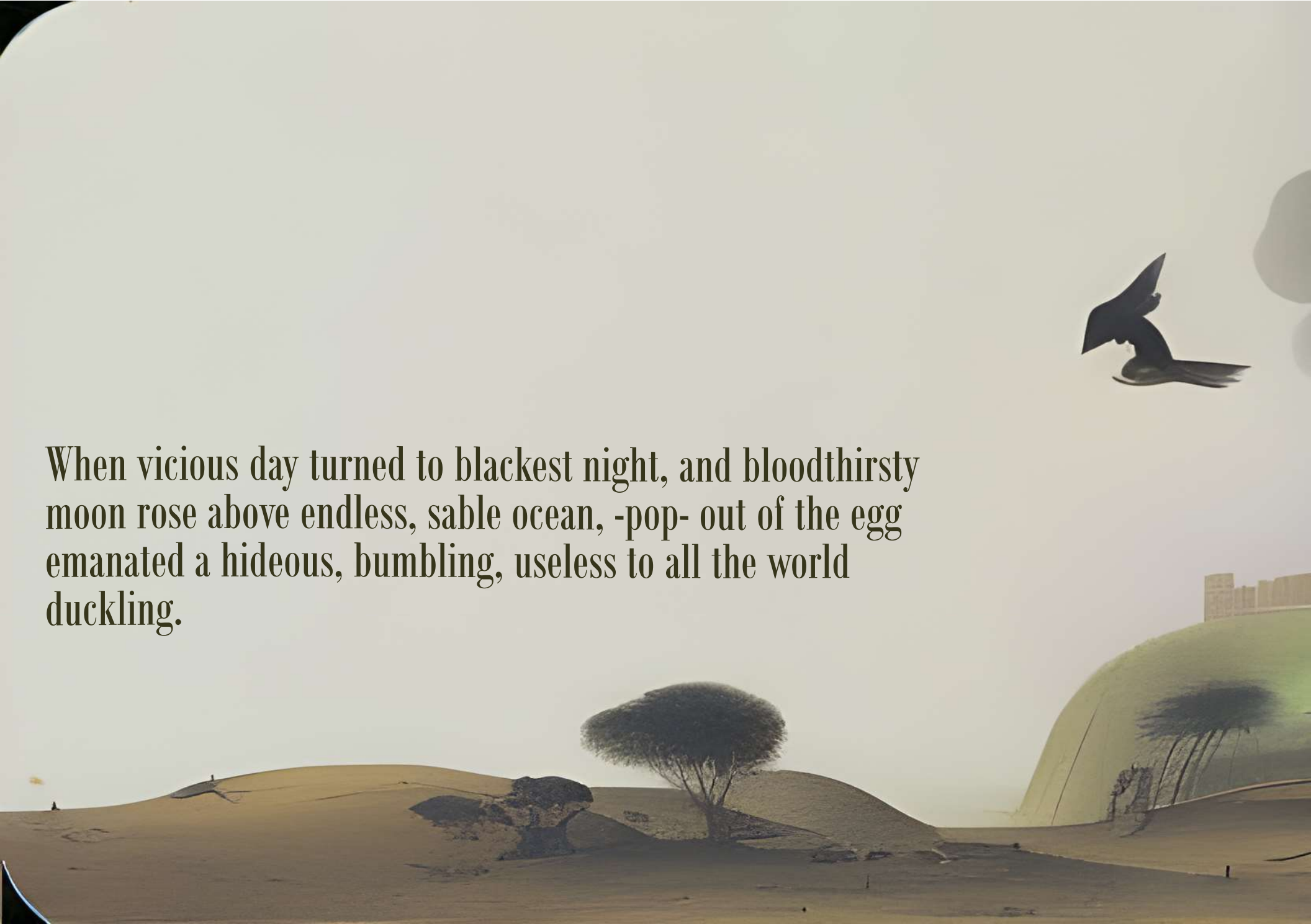
SKE'ET'N HOUS' B''KS



In the full glare of
summer's savage
blaze, a menacing
egg lay beneath an
ominous bulrush.

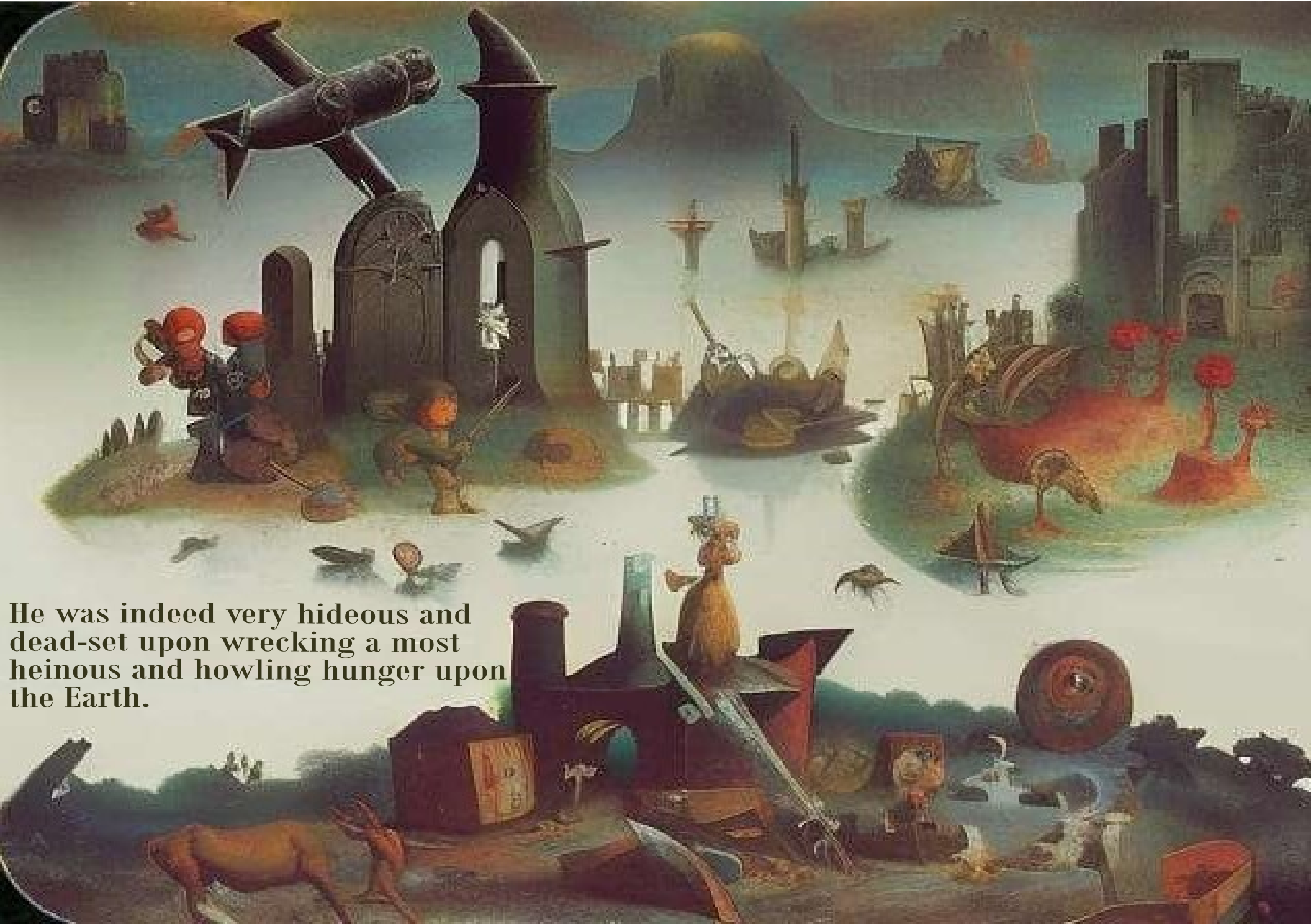




A surreal landscape with a pale, hazy sky. In the upper right, a dark bird is in flight. The foreground is a flat, sandy area with a few small, dark, rounded mounds. In the middle ground, there is a large, dark, rounded mound with a single, dark, rounded tree growing on it. To the right, a large, rounded hill is visible, with a city skyline on top. The overall scene is dreamlike and surreal.

When vicious day turned to blackest night, and bloodthirsty
moon rose above endless, sable ocean, -pop- out of the egg
emanated a hideous, bumbling, useless to all the world
duckling.





He was indeed very hideous and
dead-set upon wrecking a most
heinous and howling hunger upon
the Earth.



On Monday, he
devoured a
1967 Rolls
Royce Silver
Shadow, but he
was still ugly.



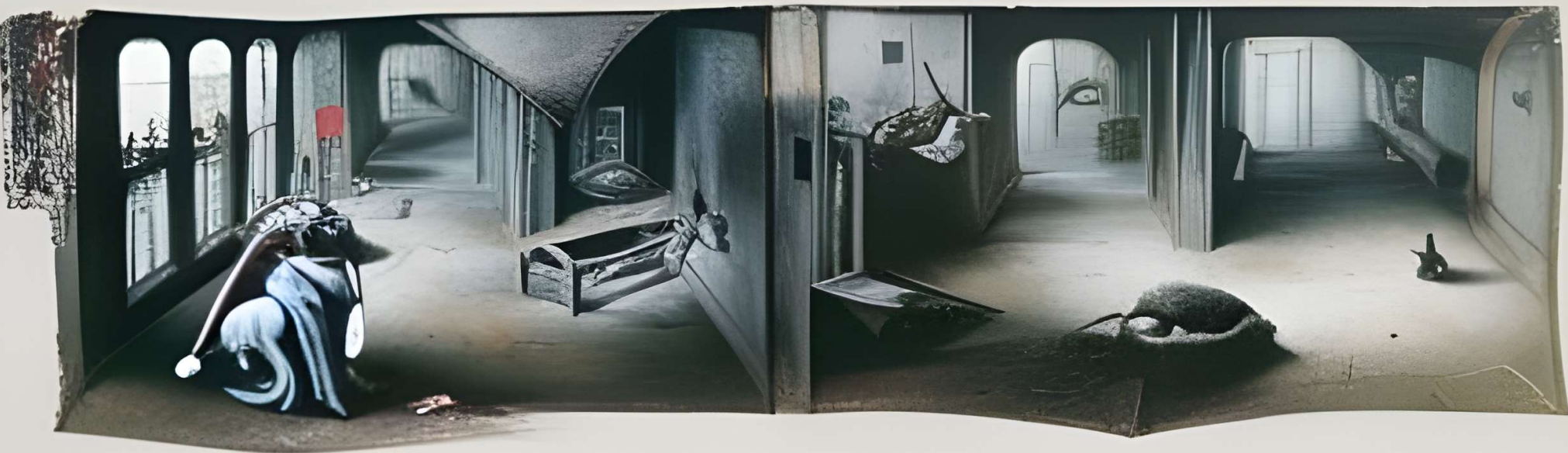
On Tuesday, he ate
through two
abandoned Schwinn
bicycles (once
cherished by a Cape
Cod retiree couple),
grisly as before.



On Wednesday, he ate
through Dracula's
Candelabra, but was
still all fearsome and
full of dread.



On Thursday, he ate a large section of the Eiffel Tower, more grim and vile and monstrous than the day last.



On Friday, he ate Oscar Wilde's iron deathbed in L'Hotel d'Alsace, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Paris. Fortunate was the barren, arid world that not one human soul remained to witness his disfigurement.

On Saturday
he ate through
division by zero,
season 7 of Harry Potter, Tony, the sentience of 6 dirt bikes fused into a golden, talking,
magical mantle clock, the time in history know as the Geometric Period,



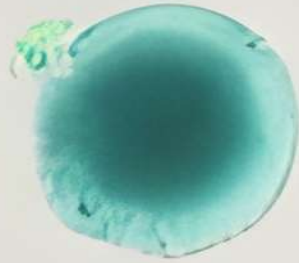
one coffin, a ceiling fan containing the soul of Michel Lotito, Sector 21, <unknown> and all the endless expanse of dust and time after things have turned to sand.



That night he had a terrible nightmare.







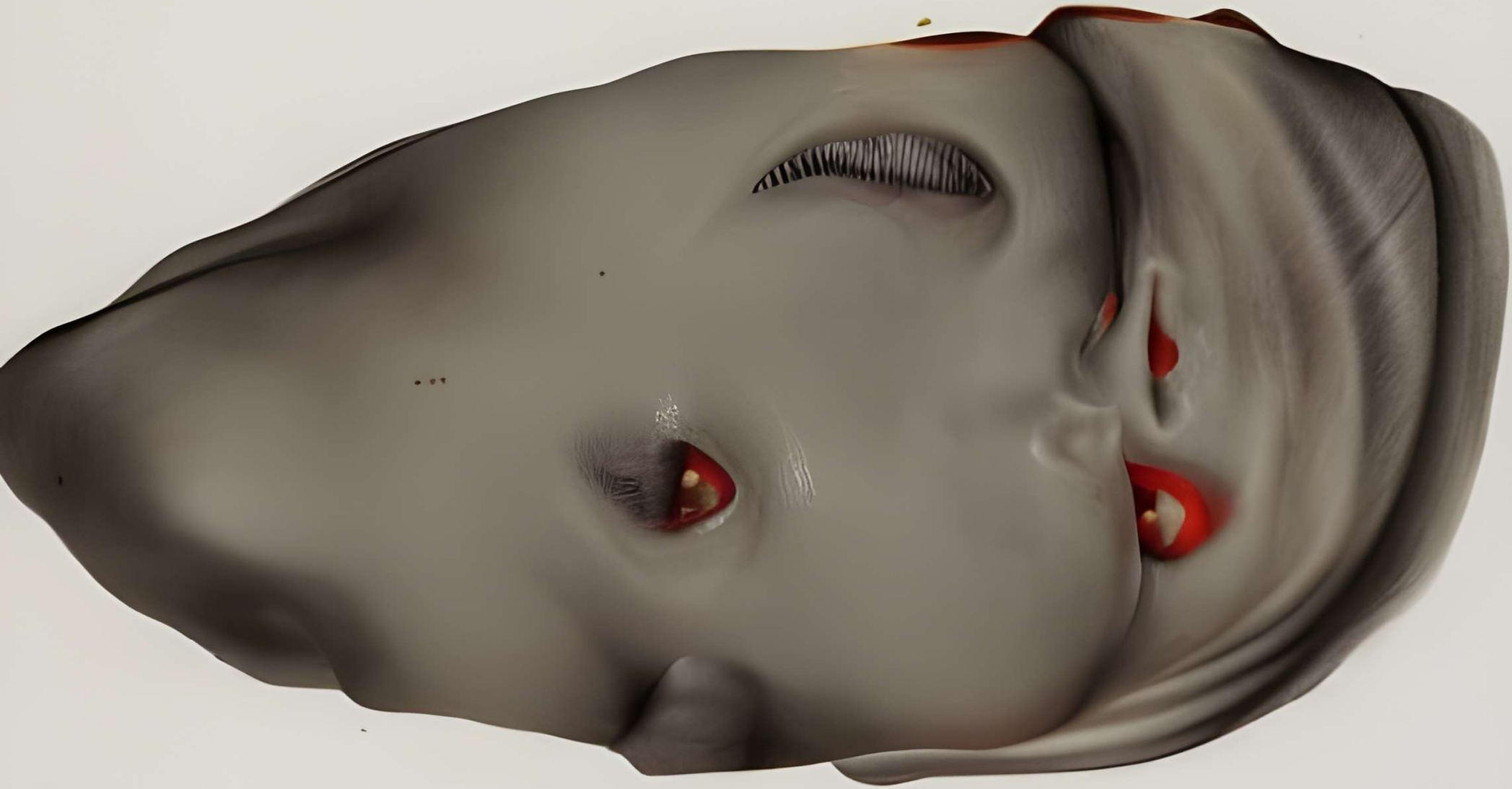
The next day was Sunday again.
The duckling ate through
one of Jupiter's smaller moons,
and after that felt
much better.



Now he wasn't hungry anymore - and he wasn't a duckling anymore.
He was a big, beautiful estuary.



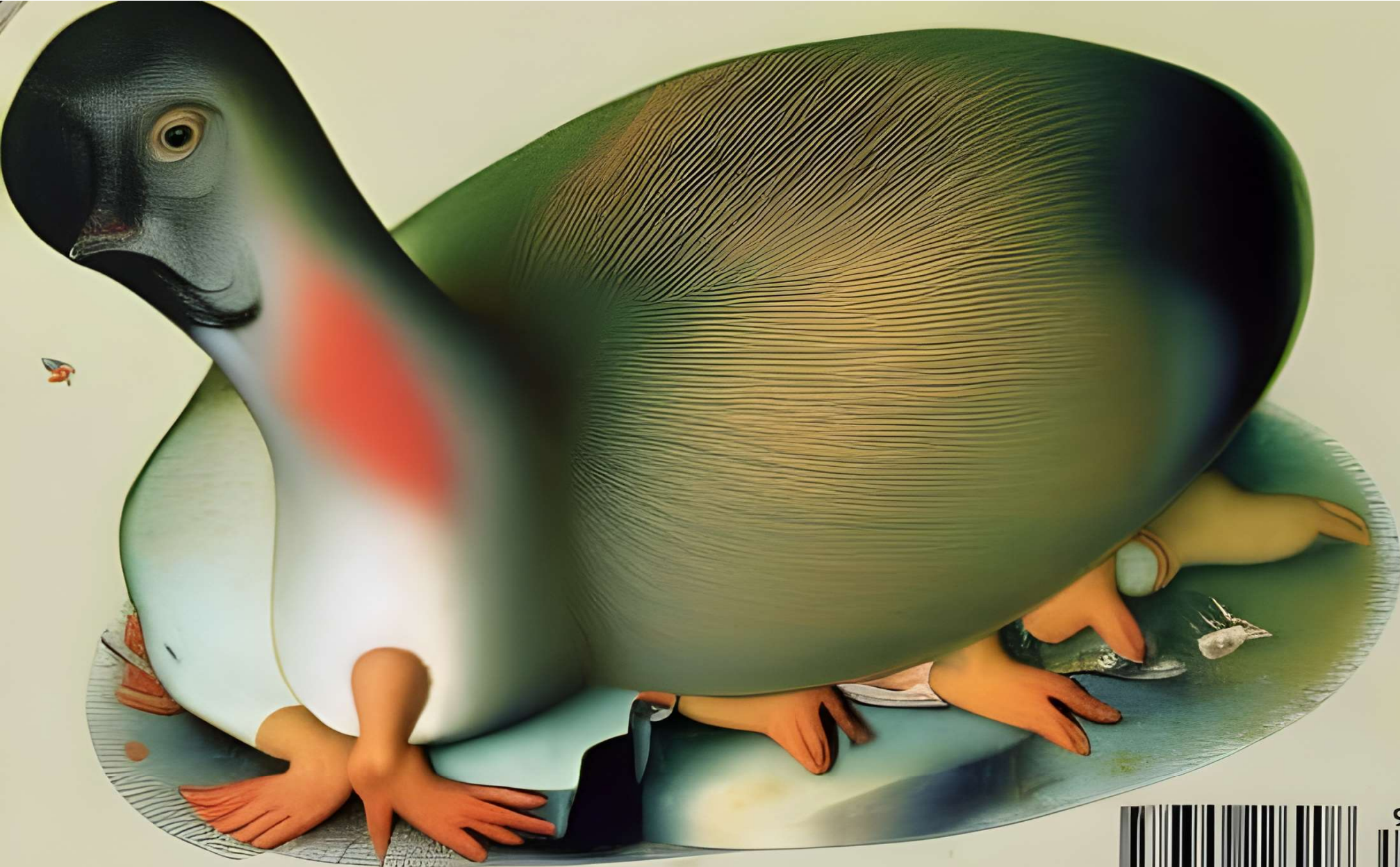
He built a smouldering house, called a Hadean Wolfsegg, around himself. He stayed inside for the time it took the sun to burn itself to a cinder, then nibbled a pitch swathe in the cocoon, burst his way out and...



he was a Union Pacific Big Boy
4014 Locomotive! Toot toot!







EAN



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